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Mr. Churchill's Speech

MR. CHURCHILL'S discussion of foreign policy in the House of Commons on May 24 has aroused the ire of a wide assortment of people. Never for a moment does Mr. Churchill neglect the interests of the British Commonwealth and Empire. One could scarcely expect that he would do so, but his frankness in this aspect has come as a shock to many in England as well as in this country. Particularly were his "kindly words about Spain" viewed with terrible anxiety in "liberal" circles. Now no one can accuse THE COMMONWEAL of approving Franco's régime; yet we cannot see that Mr. Churchill's remarks constitute anything more than common sense from the point of view both of our own and of the British national interests, or of ultimate Allied victory. The British Prime Minister points out that if Spain did do certain things to the advantage of Germany, it likewise did things—perhaps even greater things—to the advantage of Great Britain first and of Great Britain and ourselves later. He further points out that recently Spain has made even greater concessions. On the principle that "there is a clear line of distinction between nations who go to war with you and nations who leave you alone," regardless of their "internal political arrangements," Mr. Churchill makes it clear that this war is not intended to determine the political future of Spain, whatever may be his private opinions concerning Franco. To object to this is tantamount to asserting that a nation's internal autonomy will be allowed only if that nation has a political setup which pleases liberals. However much we may join with them in disliking fascism in any guise, we feel that it is frightfully dangerous to break down utterly the traditional restraints against interference in the internal affairs of states by foreign governments. There has been far too much damage done in the past by interference of this sort for us lightly to wish to extend its area in the future.

Mr. Churchill's remarks about Italy, Greece, Yugoslavia, Russia and the French Committee of National Liberation seem to us wise and sane, where we have any basis of knowledge on which to appraise them. Being by nature controversial, they would certainly not please everyone. But where he is open to criticism is in his flat disregard of what used to be called a "correct" attitude toward neutrality. Neutrality is tolerable to him only when it is a neutrality favorable to the Allied cause, which amounts to saying, only when the neutral government in question does precisely what we ask it to do. This, it should be remarked, is exactly the way Hitler feels about neutrals. But when Hitler takes such a line, we accuse him of duplicity and Heaven knows what else. Thus Mr. Churchill's single reference to Ireland looks painfully like sniping, and stands out as a very sour note in what was otherwise a speech on a remarkably high level.

Mr. Churchill, like Mr. Roosevelt, if we are to credit the *Saturday Evening Post* articles written by Forrest Davis, believes that "the policing of the peace and the maintenance of world order in any foreseeable future should . . . be accomplished by the military forces of the great powers" (Davis) . . . "for the purpose of preventing wars there must be a world council comprising the greatest states which emerge victorious from this war who will be obligated to keep within certain minimum standards of armaments for the purpose of preserving peace" (Churchill). Mr. Davis's interpretation of Roosevelt is merely a more explicit way of saying what Mr. Churchill told the House of Commons, and seems to be a continuance of the policy determined in Cairo and Teheran. No one can say that this is not a hard-boiled policy. We are alarmed at it, for it seems to us a likely breeder of a new, world-wide, balance of power system which can easily lead to new world wars—a prospect which none of those involved can view with equanimity. It betokens a frightening lack of humility, for it is tantamount to saying that a small group of officials in Washington, London and Moscow—perhaps in China

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and France—will jointly have the wisdom to manage substantially all the world's political and economic life. Nothing either in history or in the experience of the recent past leads us to believe that such pride—amounting to arrogance—is justified. Mr. Roosevelt says that to expect anything further at this stage of international development is nonsense; Mr. Churchill seems to think that perhaps a vague "world assembly of powers whose relations to the world executive or controlling power for the purpose of maintaining peace I am in no position to define" might likewise be set up. It does not sound very promising.

Progress on the Grafton Plan

POPULAR support for the establishment of "free ports" for refugees in the United States, the plan first publicized by Samuel Grafton in the New York *Post* and recommended at length by C. G. Paulding in our May 12 issue, is growing. Alfred E. Smith announced that an appeal for setting up temporary havens of refuge for victims of the Hitler aggression, signed by 72 leading Americans, had been addressed to President Roosevelt on May 26. Associate Justice Frank Murphy of the United States Supreme Court, Chairman of the National Committee Against Persecution of the Jews, declared on May 28 that his committee had endorsed this plan and believed that thousands of lives could be saved by this means. In addition to providing temporary refuge for "men, women and children . . . whose only offense is an ancient lineage and a high moral code hated by the nazis," the Smith appeal called upon the United Nations Governments "to repeat their warnings to the nazis and their satellites that no person who participates in crimes against the Jews and other minorities shall escape punishment." Senator Gillette of Iowa has proposed a Senate resolution that the President's War Refugee Board decide what groups would receive "temporary detention and care." The President told reporters he liked the idea, but that havens need not necessarily be in the U. S. Interest in the idea grows. But there is a real danger that a new red tape block its one essential function: to provide temporary sanctuary for anyone who seeks it without requiring "papers" or even proof of need.

Dispute at the University of Chicago

FOR SOME DAYS the papers have been carrying columns on the "revolt" of certain members of the faculty of the University of Chicago over the educational and administrative policies of President Hutchins. There have been previous controversies, but the present one goes back to a dinner last January when Dr. Hutchins sought to dedicate the University to a crusade for a "moral, intellectual and spiritual revolution," which would bring about a major reversal of our present scale of values. Since then there has been intermittent correspondence between the President and spokesmen for dissenting faculty groups. The Trustees are now supposed to be considering a "memorial" adopted by a majority of the faculty Senate on the subject. The extent to which academic freedom is involved is not entirely clear.

The whole dispute has afforded outside educators with an opposing approach to things opportunity to train their guns on the Hutchins theories. Thus John Dewey criticizes as a throwback to "the feudal age" the attempt to divorce the liberal arts from the vocational training he places so high in the curriculum of a democracy. Professor Irwin Edman of Columbia University believes that professional and technical men should undergo the liberal influence, while those preparing for literary and academic careers should learn a good deal about the world in which they live. *PM* enlisted three other educators to sustain a headline stigmatizing the Hutchins program as "reactionary." President Algo D. Henderson of Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio (where young men and women combine classroom study with actual stretches in business) wrote at greatest length. He emphasized the need for study of the essential problems of our time. Mr. Thayer of the Ethical Culture Schools feared that the Hutchins program focused on intellectual training to the neglect of moral training, while Professor E. A. Burtt of Cornell raised the herring of authoritarian-minded educators who lie in wait to seize the educational reins of America for "obscurantist, sectarian and doctrinaire ends."

Exclusive concentration on the "hundred great books" of the West may well be too extreme a universal educational program. But the basic conviction is unimpeachable that there are certain achievements in human knowledge worth every student's knowing—as opposed to the theory of the elective system, that knowledge in any field is as worth going after as in any other. As yet we have found no satisfactory substitute for "the liberal arts" in the increasingly important task of training growing minds.

Latest CP Phenomenon

FOR MANY MONTHS now it has looked as though the communists, on this hemisphere at least, were entering into an unholy alliance with big business. We have adverted to this before; may we now call attention to the extraordinary resolution adopted last week by the largest local of the International Longshoremen and Warehousemen's Union (Harry Bridges)? This resolution proposes that unions retain the no-strike pledge when the war is over. The *Daily Worker* thinks it is dandy. Plain labor leaders call it something else again.

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Hill Towns

THE BODY of the young man was found in a ravine and all the blood had come out of it and the flesh was very white so that the gashes made by the knives were even easier to count and there were thirty of them. The legs and the arms were pierced; the stomach and the chest and the buttocks were pierced; wherever you could get away from the bones, wherever you could drive a knife between the bones, a dagger had been driven in as far as it would go. The ravine was beneath a village in the hills back of Rome where the fighting is now, and if this were a detective story there would be someone who heard a donkey's steps on the steep rocky path in the middle of the night and wondered if some animal had strayed, and looked out and saw dim figures leading the donkey down the path in the night. There would be the village gossip and the carabinieri taking testimony, but the testimony would be given reluctantly because it is all right to guess, and even to know, but the affairs of the village are not for these policemen who have come from Rome. Well, there was the trial. The young man had been engaged to the girl, but the young man had not married the girl and so the grandfather and the grandmother, the father and the mother, which makes four, the three brothers, seven, the two sisters, nine, the two sons-in-law, eleven, the three cousins from Saracinesco, fourteen, and the nephew who was on leave from his military service, fifteen, the fifteen of them sat all together in the courtroom and explained that this was a family matter, that this was justice and that if anyone thought there had been a crime, then they were all guilty because they had taken turns stabbing the boy and no one could ever know which wound had killed him.

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In the New York *Times* A. C. Sedgwick visits Sezze. The caption is "Soldiers In Italy Fed Up With View." "This village atop a hill that dominates others and is dominated by higher ones in an apparently unending series—all steep and barren except for scrub—is typical of many places that the Fifth Army has recently taken in its forward sweep. The men have been living in this scenery since the offensive began and they say they want never again to see anything so forbidding. . . . The town was never fascist. The inhabitants never had any use for Benito Mussolini. His name has been carefully—but only recently—erased. A few old fascist slogans are up, too high for late converts to reach at short notice, so there are still reminders of the twenty-odd years of the repudiated national past."

In these villages it is not a question of monuments that would be reminders of the past, or of the stencilled pictures of the Duce on the walls of the houses, it is the barren scenery itself which is the past, the present, and the future. A woman walks up the steep path from the well to the village carrying an amphora filled with water on her head, her right arm lifted and her hand molded to the vase. This is the reminder of the distant ages. The fascist inspector reviews the school children; the school mistress lines them up outside the school; they raise their hands in salute; Giovinezza . . . primavera di bellezza. At the other end of the village street the men of the village stand silently watching the children and the inspector; the women of the village have remained in the houses. When the inspector gets into his car and drives past the men on his way to the next village, the men look down at their feet and when the car has passed, they stare after it. And this is a reminder that all the governments that have ruled in Rome have been alien governments to these people in the hills.

The ancient Romans built their villas in Tivoli, in Frascati; the Popes and the Cardinals built their villas in the Alban Hills; they did not build their villas in the forbidding scenery which does not look out over the campagna and over Rome. It was the peasants who did the building, and whatever they built is a reminder of how difficult it is to build, and to rebuild, how difficult it is to be left alone, and that there are always the tax collector and the Prince who owns the best land (for his hunting) and the officials who come from Rome, the policemen, the boys who have to go to be soldiers, the girls who go to Rome to be servants, artists' models or prostitutes, the armies that come to destroy and burn.

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The Germans, the Americans, the British, the French, the Poles, the Canadians and, a little while ago, the Blackshirts, and then some time ago they were told there was a King of Italy and that they were subjects of the King. And before that there was the Pope in Rome and they were subjects of the Pope. And before that perhaps their language would have sounded a little different and they had lived through all the Roman history that is in the books. And before that no one remembers who gave orders to what armies. But no matter who was in Rome, no matter who was governing under no matter what laws, the people of the hill towns where the fighting is going on now had exactly the same problems; they were separated from Rome exactly as they are now separated from Rome. Sometimes the armies would fight in the plains; sometimes the path to Rome did not pass through the "forbidding scenery" of the hills; sometimes the gods listened to them—sometimes God heard their prayer—but always they were there in the lonely hills and the women walked up the steep path bearing the amphoras filled with cool water on their heads.

C. G. PAULDING.

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A Note on Sinarquism

A Mexican movement of "National regeneration"

Edward Skillin, Jr.

IT IS an old story. Considering the columns of praise of Mussolini's Italy up to 1940, of the Austrian corporative State and of Salazar's Portugal, and the week-by-week propaganda for General Franco during the Spanish Civil War and ever since, it should not be surprising to find that scattered comments on Sinarquism in the US Catholic press have been entirely favorable. To recall this journalistic record is painful indeed, but it is essential for an understanding of the favorable attitude shown toward Sinarquism by these periodicals and publicists. The way rightful respect for authority in faith and morals becomes an unwarranted respect for the authoritarian principle in politics is a highly deplorable tendency, and it must be recognized for what it is. There is another element involved besides this tendency toward political authoritarianism among Catholics. This is a primitive human reaction: the headlong resort to force to defend or impose cherished values—in this case Christian values—as against various forms of revolutionary anarchism, socialism or commmunism.

The attitude of the Catholic press just cited was to be expected. But what greatly puzzles me, and has had much to do with my embarking upon this article, is that certain of the strongest champions of Sinarquism among my friends are at heart thorough democrats. That led me to question whether Sinarquism was indeed authoritarian after all. When unimpeachable evidence all indicated that such it is, I felt bound to seek an explanation for their enthusiasm on other grounds.

One clue seems to lie in the fact that the movement is an answer to the definitely anti-Christian aspects of the Mexican Revolution, which began in 1910 with the downfall of Porfirio Diaz. Since that date persecution of the Church has by turns intensified and slackened under various Mexican governments.

In the past two or three years there has been a marked improvement in the situation of the Church. President Camacho himself declares that he is a Catholic, as was his rival in the last election, Almazan. Once more it is possible—thanks to a court decision—for the Church to own property, and a certain amount of teaching by the Church is now permitted. The general atmosphere is decidedly more friendly, and this, by the way, must be weighed in appraising the Sinarquist movement.

But, even so, Mexican priests do not yet feel secure enough to wear the Roman collar in public—let alone their traditional cassocks—although they go about their work more openly all the time. Soldiers in uniform are not permitted to assist at Mass. Article 3 of the Mexican Constitution is still in force: all primary, secondary and normal school education must be conducted by the State. This education must be socialist, it must exclude all religious instruction and combat "fanaticism" and "prejudice." According to the February, 1944, issue of *Orden*, the Sinarquist illustrated monthly, "in all the nations of the continent discovered by Columbus there exists, to a greater or lesser degree, freedom of teaching and of education. Only to Mexico belongs the sad privilege of being completely deprived of that liberty." These examples are enough to indicate why Mexican Catholics still oppose the Revolution—and why American Catholics support what they see as a Mexican struggle to obtain freedom of conscience. Point one is, then, that Sinarquism was conceived (in 1937) in an atmosphere of religious persecution.

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We must now proceed to a more specific consideration of the aims, activities and personnel of the National Sinarquist Union. It should at once be explained that thanks to a combination of grossly inadequate coverage by the American newspaper press, muddling censorship by governmental authorities and ignorant partisanship, it is extremely difficult to disentangle truth from falsehood, and far more reliance must be placed on personal and private sources of information than would be licit if these barriers did not exist.

Sinarquism's stated social program is another reason for attracting American Catholic support, since it proclaims its allegiance to a number of deeply Christian principles. Among these are: well-distributed private property; class cooperation instead of class war; just and effective government; respect for the human person; family ownership of the individual farm; the rights of the family; reform of education. In brief, what the leaders call "the Christian social order." In the pamphlet "Mexico in 1960," about which more

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anon, the objectives of raising living standards through industrialization, public health, better housing, etc., are presented. And we must all grant that the poverty and ignorance of the Mexican masses cry for something to be done. Furthermore, the Sinarquists have gone beyond mere idealistic talk. They have organized credit unions, prepared instruction on proper methods of farming, and most ambitiously have established agricultural colonies in Sonora and Lower California as demonstration centers. Government investigation of these colonies, which cannot be assumed to have been too friendly, is reported to have found nothing to criticize. The Sinarquist movement originated in rural areas and has made the greatest headway in the countryside, where 70 percent of the Mexican people live their precarious lives. Hence the Sinarquists' emphasis on agrarian reform in their program and their works.

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But resistance to persecution and Christian social principles are not enough in themselves to explain the degree of my compatriots' enthusiasm. There is a third point upon which the whole problem devolves. In the past year or two these friends of mine have spent considerable time among the Sinarquists. It is the spirit of the movement's leaders which has impressed them most.

Because violence is still the order of the day in Mexico, the assuming of such leadership is fraught with great personal risk. The identity of the real leaders and their first-string substitutes is therefore secret, while those who occupy the positions of authority which are public knowledge, or who serve as window-dressing, are expected not to marry since the danger of assassination is held to be great. These men are very poorly paid; they have the most modest of offices. They have given up promising careers in teaching, the law and other professions and have foregone the satisfactions of family life in order to dedicate themselves to what they believe is the cause of their people. They combine intense religious fervor with love of their fellow-men. That, I am convinced, is the secret of the infectious admiration which Sinarquism arouses among certain North Americans who have traveled in Mexico and who have met the leaders of the movement. An outstanding instance of this is Monsignor Ligutti's recent glowing tribute in the diocesan press to the Sinarquists' founder, José Antonio de Urquiza, who was murdered in Mexico not many months after his return from fighting with the Franco forces in the Spanish Civil War. José Antonio left behind him a spiritual diary of the most lofty and exalted character. The sincerity and zeal of these men, their self-sacrifice, their devotion to the Church, make a tremendous impression on those who come to know them. This seems to explain what for me would otherwise remain simply inexplicable.

Actually Sinarquism presents many difficulties to any consistent believer in political liberty. Perhaps the best single source for the movement's leading ideas is the pamphlet "Mexico in 1960," which, it is rumored, is about to be translated into English and printed in this country in a first edition of 200,000 copies, on the strange assumption that it will favorably impress Americans. This pamphlet contains a number of achievements (as of 1960) which would be welcomed by any fair-minded observer. They relate to national sobriety, cleanliness, good housing, high living standards, development of the arts, social justice and the like. In fact, the movement's whole campaign against hunger, rags and hovels, against alcoholism and illiteracy closely parallels certain aims of the Mexican Revolution itself.

The pamphlet furthermore foresees the disappearance of the Associated Press and United Press because of disruptions caused by the war. Thus the way has been left open for the development of the movement's own Hispano-American Press Service, to supply all newspapers throughout the Latin Americas. This news agency is "entrusted with the high mission of keeping united, in thought and in act, the great family of our peoples." Meanwhile *El Sinarquista,* the present official weekly organ, has become (in 1960) a daily with a circulation of a curiously precise 1,300,000; there is also a *Nacion* with three daily editions circulating in Mexican cities; *Pueblo,* a youth organ; 20 Sinarquist provincial daily papers, and a few independent journals for whatever readers are left over. There are three great radio stations under the régime's control: Radio-Continental, Radio-Sinarquista and Radio-Mundo Nuevo, all endeavoring to overcome any feeling of inferiority on the part of the Mexican people and to develop a lofty realization of its own worth. The cinema also is minutely regulated in the interest of public morals, sound ideology and artistic excellence, and consists in Mexican, Argentine and Spanish productions (which three, by the way, are the principal Spanish-speaking movie producers now).

One section of "Mexico in 1960" is devoted to the new army developed under the Sinarquist régime. It enrolls the best of Mexican youth and makes the nation master of her own destiny, able to defend her boundaries against any possible aggressor. In the course of this great vision of the future, reference is continually made to the struggle through which the movement came to power, and to the torrents of blood shed before attaining this end. This pamphlet, which was first published three years ago, might be dismissed as the over-exuberance of a single enthusiast were it not for the fact that its various implications are con-

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stantly substantiated in Sinarquist literature. Unhappily nazi and fascist threats were once dismissed as sheer talk, too.

Whatever the provocation—and it must be admitted that under the present Mexican régime political action as we know it in the United States is extremely difficult—the idea of violence recurs again and again in the speeches and publications of the movement. Substantially all Mexicans believe that everyone and his brother voted for Almazan in the last Mexican presidential election, many of them simply to assert their right to vote against the long incumbent Mexican Revolutionary Party (PRM); and everyone in Mexico believes that he received a large majority; Camacho became President just the same. Mexicans believe Washington dictated this outcome. This political atmosphere is that within which the Sinarquists operate. As yet they do not comprise a political party, and many of them abstained from participating in the last election, although there is a National Catholic Party which expects their support. All the while the Sinarquists are told to keep up their struggle for power, to stand ready, to be willing "to conquer or die." (*El Sinarquista,* May 4, 1944.)

According to the "Handbook for Chiefs" (1941), Sinarquistas are forbidden to bear arms when attending meetings. If they are found with a knife in their possession they are subject to suspension for a month, while detection of a gun is supposed to bring indefinite suspension. But this same pamphlet emphasizes the number of "martyrs" who have died for the cause, actually listing some 70 names and dates. When José Antonio de la Lama y Rojas, who recently attempted to kill President Camacho, was himself killed "while escaping," the Chiefs of Sinarquism met in extraordinary session, according to private advice from Mexico, and agreed that "the name of José Antonio de la Lama be inscribed on our list of martyrs because he was treacherously killed for trying to defend his rights as a Mexican and as a Catholic by killing the Highest head of the traitors, whom we Sinarquists do not recognize as Constitutional President of the Mexican Republic because he is at the service of the totalitarian powers who now fight against the nation most friendly toward Mexico. . . ." *El Sinarquista,* however, described the attempted assassination of Camacho as the first move of the Communist revolution and reminded Sinarquistas that they must obey orders. (We understand that in fact this act of violence was primarily the result of a personal grievance.)

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In the forefront in the development of this general atmosphere of tension and violence is the fear of a Communist coup. This is rather hard to understand in the light of the frequent Sinarquist contention that the present Mexican government is largely Communist anyhow. But the April issue of *Orden* warns emphatically of the Red Revolution which is in preparation, in which Ambassador Oumansky of the USSR is playing a leading rôle. It warns the Mexican people to be on guard because "the Sovietization of Mexico and America is plotted from the Communist Embassy." Enemies of the Sinarquist movement declare it to be a tool of the Spanish Falange, and there is no doubt that under cover of the cultural Hispanidad movement certain efforts are being made in this direction. But it is the striking parallel between the part played by fear of a Soviet coup—and the exploitation of such fear—and similar phenomena at the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War which gives the greatest weight to these charges.

The parallel exists even in minor details; the stage setting is similar. The official uniform of the movement is a green shirt, though most members are so poor that they cannot afford this symbol; instead they wear armbands with a green map of Mexico imposed on a white circle as an insignia. The members also have their own special form of salute, and songs and banners play an important part in their various meetings and processions.

And there are other striking marks of resemblance to the European totalitarian movements. "Mexico in 1960" envisages one-party rule with all the workers belonging to one Sinarquist union, a "syndicalist corporation" distinctly on the Italian model. The Handbook for Chiefs declares at one point that "the general and absolute rule is that no matter must be subject to voting by the Assembly." *El Sinarquista* for May 4, 1944, contains a number of orders. Local leaders are directed by the last meeting of Chiefs "to meet each week with members of committees in order to study and prepare the actions which the group is to take that week." Sector chiefs are required to meet at least twice a month "in order to prepare their programs of action ahead of time." Rural chiefs are told to meet once a month to receive orders so that they may carry out the instructions which are handed them. This same issue also contains a directive from national headquarters to all local chiefs "to begin the formation of their respective propaganda brigades, selecting for this work men with sufficient moral, intellectual and tactical preparation to carry out these functions. It is of capital importance that the chiefs be responsible for the exact and minute fulfillment of this order, since in any other fashion they would not only fail to carry out an order of the Supreme Hierarchy of the movement, but they would also obstruct the activities of the other sectors of our organization." The order foresees difficulties in carrying out this directive in certain localities, and it con-

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cludes, "but we trust in God that we shall be able to overcome them and carry forward this technique which has such great significance for our struggle."

A Sinarquist slogan asserts that "The chief is put in office by God." Members are urged to "love discomfort, danger and death" and to "accept happily all missions given you." Obedience to the chiefs is a primary duty of which members of the organization are continually reminded. As has been intimated by various quotations above, the organization is highly centralized and coordinated from the National Committee down through the regional and municipal committees, to sub-committees and sections. In each category obedience to one's superior must be complete.

Much has been made of the secret aspects of Sinarquism. Its apologists claim that in revolutionary Mexico such secrecy is the only possible means of survival. They cite the failure of the Cristeros of a generation ago, whose leaders were brutally killed by their political enemies. They also refer to the Grand Orient Masons of Mexico who are among their most potent adversaries. Since the Masons carry on much of their work in secret, the argument goes, they can be combatted only by similar methods. Apart from these practical reasons, I cannot help wondering whether we do not here find a further example of that deep-seated psychological urge, among young men living in a time of crisis, toward total secret dedication and blood brotherhood, an urge so expertly analyzed by Roger Caillois in "Men with a Purpose" (THE COMMONWEAL, March 31, 1944). However this may be, there exists a secret Sinarquist leadership. There also exists extreme secrecy within the organization, and the chiefs have certain secret countersigns by which they make themselves known to each other. In some of the private advice we have had from Mexico, it is asserted that the following are among principles which have recently been approved: "You must act by surprise"; "The public must be kept in ignorance of all the proceedings." There is also considerable mystery as to the numbers enrolled in the Union. According to recent issues of *Orden*, the claim is made that there are now 1,000,000 members, but some estimates from reliable sources would put the figure as high as 3,000,000 (compare this with Mexico's total population of 20,000,000).

From all this it can readily be seen that not by the widest stretch of the imagination can Sinarquism be called a democratic movement in any real sense. The official program of the National Sinarquist Union calls for "qualitative representation," a form of government quite opposed to that of free elections. And it is well to recall at this juncture the control of the press, radio, cinema, workers' organization, and other aspects of Mexican life which the movement contemplates. The liberal press in the United States is all too ready to apply the labels "fascist," "nazi" and the like, and this has greatly annoyed American friends of Sinarquism. The application of such labels is often a substitute for real thinking or analysis, and it reflects the tendency of so many socially-minded Americans to think in over-simplified political terms. It reminds one of the "party line." Despite all this, it must be admitted that in this case there is some reason for the application of the fascist label.

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The question of the identification of Sinarquism with the official Catholic Church in Mexico must be taken into account. Among those who are most eager to identify the two is Lombardo Toledano, the notorious communist and explicitly anti-Catholic Mexican labor leader. Archbishop Martinez of Mexico City, on the other hand, has clearly dissociated the Church from the movement. So, too, has *El Sinarquista* itself: Sinarquism is fundamentally a "political action in which the Church cannot and does not wish to have the least participation." The leaders, however, are fervent Catholics, and much of their literature contains religious terms. It is really, then, an unofficial movement of Catholic laymen—not without support and counsel from the clergy—in what they call the "civil" field, to distinguish it from religious or political spheres of activity.

I have spoken before of the Sinarquists' aims as to educational reform. This is one of their principal objectives. Another is agrarian reform. The confiscation and distribution of the large estates promised by the Revolution has never been widely carried out, and what has been done has been largely ineffectual. In certain cases the estates have been handed over as political rewards to Revolutionary Party leaders. Where distribution has been attempted and collective *"ejidos"* have been formed, the peasants for the most part have not been provided with the implements or the plans whereby the confiscated land could be successfully cultivated. In fact, in the course of the Revolution the number of acres under cultivation has greatly decreased. At the present moment this unhappy situation has been aggravated by the effect of the war. We have imported a number of Mexican laborers with the result that more land is left untilled. The United States has also been making increasingly heavier purchases in Mexico, even of *maiz* or corn, the basic ingredient of the peasants' and industrial workers' *tortillas*. (American authorities tend to make it difficult to get the real figures here on these increases.) Hunger is growing in Mexico on this account. To make matters worse, the country is suffering severe monetary inflation, so that money goes half as far

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as it did before the war. All this lends weight to the Sinarquists' demands for agricultural reform, as it does to the growing unpopularity in Mexico of the United States.

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Much has been made of the fact that this feeling is strong among the Sinarquists, and of their utterances about our seizure of Texas and California. It seems to me that in Sinarquist literature hostility is expressed far more frequently and profoundly in terms of the materialism of our American way of life: they object to our movies, our imperialistic ambitions, our love of luxury, etc. And in fairness it must be said that anti-US feeling is not limited to the Sinarquistas, but is shared by most Mexicans. Pride in a different conception of life, resentment over our superciliousness toward Mexicans have a great deal to do with this. In time of war, this hostility does, in fact, play into the hands of the Axis nations, and does, in fact, cause fascist propaganda to be doubly attractive to certain Mexicans. In any case, it is this basic antagonism which makes the growing Sinarquist movement so disturbing to the United States.

Articles in *PM* about the movement have stressed the activities of its members here in the United States, and presented them as a serious threat to our war effort. From all I can gather, this fear is greatly exaggerated. Estimates of the number of members within our borders vary widely, but the most convincing one I succeeded in obtaining in Washington placed the total membership up here at 3,000. This membership has been sharply decreasing in recent months. One of the principal activities of these groups in the border states of California and Texas is to collect money for the movement in Mexico. As most of the workers here are quite poor, the sums sent across the border are very modest, and they are variously divided. Principal expenditures are for the two Sinarquist agricultural colonies (which started against great odds and have not been handled very efficiently) and for the families of members killed in the line of duty. Another activity is to distribute Sinarquist literature (written in Spanish) in the United States. In view of our wretched treatment of Mexican Americans, especially in Texas and California—and Catholics are far from guiltless in this connection—Sinarquist activity in our Southwest is altogether understandable.

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To sum up. There is a group of Catholics in the professional classes in Mexico who are deeply disturbed by the political, economic and religious conditions in their country. These leaders are zealous, high-minded men who have dedicated themselves at great personal sacrifice to what they conceive to be the good of their fellow-countrymen. The question is that of the means by which they seek to attain their ends. The Sinarquist organization is authoritarian and highly centralized; it requires blind obedience on the part of its members; the element of secrecy is so great that even leaders require secret countersigns in order to recognize each other.

History has repeatedly shown that a political machine whose operations are so secret, and which exacts an obedience so complete, a machine which by definition lacks the normal internal checks upon its action, invariably is diverted from its original purposes. It can easily be captured, especially when operating within the Latin American tradition, by a *jefe* or *caudillo* whose dominating purpose is his own will to power. It can become the political tool of groups within the community, such as big business men or an army *junta*. It could even be used to confound the provinces of God and of Caesar. In similar fashion it can become the organ of a foreign power. And finally, worst of all, not being captured by any outside force, its own achievement of power inevitably introduces the virus of corruption.

If Sinarquists succeed in growing considerably more in numbers, there is real danger of a bloody civil war. If in such a conflict they are defeated, the condition of their adherents will be even worse than it is at present. Were they to win, we should once again have a dictatorial state adorned with Catholic symbols and forcibly repressing all opposition—until the whole kettle boils over once more, to the terrible detriment of the Church.

Believing as I do in the dignity of the human person, and in the necessity of building up institutions which will enable him freely to enjoy his God-given rights and to develop his God-given talents in reasonable tranquillity and security, I see a contradiction between such aspirations and the pattern established by the Mexican Sinarquist movement. Democracy is a term too glibly used and too inadequately understood. Properly it consists more in the spirit under which a society is organized than in the specific political forms of that society. It must include the attribution of absolute value to every human person; it must exclude the forcing of consciences; it must provide for free political criticism and for free association of citizens in economic and political action. This is what THE COMMONWEAL has been saying in different ways all along. In the existing framework of the modern world, with its rapidity of communication, high industrial development and frighteningly easy techniques of repression, we believe that the Christian life can flourish only when society is organized in this spirit. The sincerity and zeal of Sinarquist leaders are not enough.

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The Wind Blew East

Jesse Stuart

"MOM, I don't want to stay with Uncle Egbert and Aunt Viddie," I said. "I'd rather not go to school if I have to stay with 'em."

"It's the only chance we have to send you to school," Mom said. "You know that it works well. They need your help in the store before and after school and on Saturdays since help is scarce. And you know we live too far away from the high school, and we're not able to pay your expenses in town."

"But town folks are too particular about their houses," I said. "You know how Aunt Viddie is about her house. Uncle Egbert has lived with her so long he's as cranky as she is."

"It's better they're cranky about cleanliness than it is to keep a dirty house."

I knew there wasn't any way out unless I ran away from home. I didn't want to do that. I wanted to go to Greenwood High School since I'd seen the Greenwood Tigers play basketball. I wanted to be a basketball player. And if I went to Greenwood High School, I'd have to stay with Uncle Egbert and Aunt Viddie.

"I hate to stay with 'em," I said to Pa and Mom as I carried my suit-case to the express-wagon.

"Son, it's your only chance to get an education," Pa said. "It's better to stay with 'em and get an education than it is to go through life without one. You'll never know the worth of an education until you have to go through life without one like I have. It's better to stay in a barn and sleep in the manger than it is to go without book learning."

Pa slapped our mule, Barney, with the rope lines and we were off down the road toward Greenwood. I waved goodby to Mom as we left home down the winding dusty road bordered on one side with maturing corn and on the other by queen's lace and wild phlox.

"You see what I have to do to make a livin'," Pa said as he nodded back to the express-wagon filled with a load of truck, two crates of young chickens, two cans of cream and a big willow basket of eggs.

As the mule trotted toward Greenwood, Pa talked to me about how to behave myself and how to work hard to get learning in my head.

"Learning is something you can't see," Pa said. "But it's powerful stuff. It's dynamite."

Then Pa would rein Barney to one side of the road to miss a terrapin trying to crawl across the road.

"I like to go to school," I told Pa, "but I don't like to stay in a house where I have to pull my shoes off before I go in to keep from getting grains of sand on the rugs."

"It's better than we have, Son," Pa said. "Wish we had carpets on our floors. Your Uncle Egbert and Aunt Viddie've done well with their store. But they don't have a family of youngins to clothe and feed and educate like I have. It's might nice of 'em to try to hep me with my youngins."

It was a big two-story house with a porch below and one above. The house was painted white and trimmed in green. Tall elms grew around the house and the lawn was shaved almost as close as a man shaves his face. It was shaved closer than some men shave their faces. There were flowers blooming all over the yard and small chairs with striped backs were sitting under the elm shades. And nearby the big house was the big storehouse where everything was sold from axes to sugar and liniment. And the post office was inside the store. Just above the storehouse, not more than a hundred yards, was the big brick schoolhouse where I would go to school.

"This is a fine place for you, Hester," Pa said.

Pa sold Uncle Egbert some of his young chickens, potatoes and beans. Then he took Uncle Egbert to one side where I couldn't hear them talk. I knew that he was telling Uncle Egbert to take care of me like I was his own son, to make me behave and work hard in the store and to work hard in school. Aunt Viddie came out and shook my hand and said, "Glad to see you here, Hester. Come on over to the house and let me show you your room."

I followed Aunt Viddie to the door wagging my suitcase.

"Your shoes have mud on 'em," Aunt Viddie said, carefully examining my shoes. "You'd better take 'em off before you walk over my floors. I know how that country clay sticks to your shoes! You just can't get it off."

"Yep, it's hard to get off," I said.

"You won't get so much mud on your feet here," Aunt Viddie said. "You'll have streets to walk on."

"Yes, mam," I said as I followed her in my sock-feet with my suitcase up the long flight of carpeted stair-steps. We passed the doors of many rooms, doors that were closed until we came to a door in the far end of the upstairs hall.

"This will be your room, Hester," she said. "You can unpack your belongings and get into your work clothes and come to the store. We've

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never needed help so much in our lives as right now."

"I'll be over in a few minutes," I said.

I put on my faded-blue clean overalls and clean blue work shirt and hurried down to the front door where I put my shoes on; then I hurried to the store and started to work.

"Stack the boxes like this," Uncle Egbert showed me. "You'll have to learn this work. It'll take time."

Uncle Egbert had to have everything done just "so-so" in the store. It didn't matter how many customers he had waiting to be waited on. Often there would be nine people lined up in front of the post office window waiting to get their post. And if Uncle Egbert was putting boxes upon the shelves, he would get down from the stepladder and stand and look at them to see if he had stacked them neatly. He would let the people wait before the window for their post. The storehouse was almost like the dwelling house but not quite—I'd never seen a house, had never been in one in my lifetime, as spick-and-span as Uncle Egbert and Aunt Viddie's.

When I ate at the table I used silverware that hurt my eyes when it shone in the soft light from the chandelier. It was quite different from our old knives and forks and from our oil-lamp that sits midway of our table on a faded oil cloth. I had to watch how Uncle Egbert and Aunt Viddie used their knives and forks and spoons; I had to learn table manners by watching them. Even when I used the soap, I had to wash the lather from it and place it back in the soap-box just like I'd found it. I'd been used to a washpan and soap my mother had made. I had to throw a towel down the clothes-chute to the basement after I'd used it once. Clothes were taken from the basement and washed every day.

When I went to bed, I couldn't go to sleep for the bed was so soft. I laid and thought about how folks in town lived as compared to the way we lived. Uncle Egbert had grown up in the country and he had lived like I'd always lived; but Aunt Viddie had grown up in Greenwood and she had had her way about the house and Uncle Egbert had gone her way instead of her going his way. I wondered if something wouldn't happen to a house where people kept it almost too clean to live in and where they wouldn't use a lot of furniture—but kept it covered over—and where they had patterns of silver put away they never used. I'd heard Aunt Viddie talking about her silver, how beautiful it was and too expensive to use on the table. She kept it in the chest drawers. They had enough beautiful dishes for ten families stacked in three-cornered cupboards for display. I'd heard Mom say that pride came before a fall and I'd heard her say when people got too good, something always happened to them. It made me wonder as I rolled and tossed in this soft bed trying to go to sleep what would happen to Aunt Viddie and Uncle Egbert's house. They wouldn't let me raise the window blind to my room. They didn't want the sun to shine on the furniture. As I lay wide awake, I thought it was better to sleep in a barn manger with the mules to get an education than it was to live in this house. And I thought, if Pa and Mom only had to stand what I have to stand, I wonder if they'd try to get an education if they were younger and had the chance. I never came inside with shoes on. I left house slippers by the door and when I came to the house, I pulled off my shoes and put on my house slippers. I knew Pa wouldn't want to do this.

I liked the work in the store. And I liked going to school. Even the students respected me more because I lived with Uncle Egbert and Aunt Viddie. Everybody in town envied them and women tried to keep their houses like Aunt Viddie kept hers, but many weren't able to have two people working in the house every day like Aunt Viddie was. Uncle Egbert wouldn't approve of the clothes that I had brought from home to wear to school; he bought new clothes for me. I went to school dressed as spick-and-span as the house where I lived was furnished; I went to school as clean as the house where I lived was kept. And the clothes that I had brought to wear to school, I worked in them in the store and the clothes I brought to wear when I worked in the store, I put back in my suitcase for future use when I'd be back home on the farm. And even in school, teachers seemed to pay me respect because I lived with Uncle Egbert and Aunt Viddie Tremble. Girls tried to talk to me; I knew it wasn't because I was good looking or smart—it was because I wore good clothes and I was somebody because I was akin to and lived with the Trembles.

Each night I'd gone to sleep thinking I'd climbed to the top of a willow in our pasture field down beside a little winding creek and the wind swayed the willow in the wind and it was soft to stretch out on a willow top and bend up and down in the soft wind—sway, sway, sway, until it was nothingness and then morning and awakening again. I knew it was the soft mattress and the willowy springs caused it for I'd been used to a cornshuck bed on slats. It was hard for me to sleep in such a soft bed—pillowed and tucked and sented down—to blithful sleep. But one night was different. I heard something overhead—a noise in the attic I couldn't figure out. It kept me awake.

Next morning at the breakfast table I told Aunt Viddie and Uncle Egbert about hearing something in the attic.

"I'm afraid you didn't hear anything, Hester," Uncle Egbert said.

"And if you did hear anything it's been a

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mouse," Aunt Viddie said.

"Probably a rat," Uncle Egbert said.

"But don't mention it to anybody," Aunt Viddie said. "I wouldn't have people to know we had rats in our house for anything."

"I won't mention it," I said. "I wouldn't mention it to you but it kept me awake half of the night."

"Maybe you were dreaming," Aunt Viddie said.

"No, I was wide awake," I said.

I could tell that Aunt Viddie didn't believe me for she laughed.

"And I know it wasn't a mouse," I said. "It's steps were too heavy for a rat."

"May be it was a ghost of some departed dead that once lived and died in this house," Uncle Egbert said with a laugh.

"When you hear it again, come to my room and knock and let me hear it too."

I hadn't more than gone to bed when I heard the noise again. I got out of bed and walked down the corridor, knocked on Uncle Egbert's door. In a few minutes he came down to my room in his pyjamas, lounge robe and house slippers. I was sitting on the side of my bed barefooted.

"Anytime you get out of bed," Uncle Egbert warned me, "always put on your house slippers. Never go trapsing over the house barefooted. It's not good manners."

"But listen to that noise up there won't you?"

Uncle Egbert listened a minute, then he said. "It's a mouse."

"It's too much noise for a mouse," I said.

"Believe you're right," he said. "It must be a rat. But this house is too tight for a rat to get in."

"Too much noise for a rat," I said.

"I'm thinking the same thing," Uncle Egbert said. "Sounds like a cat walking up there. But that attic is sealed tight."

Uncle Egbert listened awhile and then he said, "That noise worries me." But he left my room and went back to bed and I went to bed.

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Next day Aunt Viddie's sisters came. They were women as precise about everything as Aunt Viddie. But unlike Aunt Viddie, they had never married. Each had her room in Aunt Viddie's house when they came to visit which was pretty often. Aunt Viddie told them as they walked over the house admiring the beauty of the furniture and the cleanliness of the rooms, that I had been hearing something in the attic. And they laughed when Aunt Viddie told them Egbert had told me it was a ghost of some departed dead.

"It's Uncle Dave come back," Aunt Cindy said. "Dave was a man who hated to leave this world and I'll bet he's back here."

"No it's not Uncle Dave," Aunt Arabella said. "It's Aunt Mary. Mother said she left some old corsets in the attic—and she was such a dear about corsets—I'll bet she's back to get them."

They all laughed like it was funny. I had hopes it would be a big house-snake twenty feet long in the attic and it would take twenty men to get it out and they'd have to tear half the top the house off to get it.

Next day they teased me about the ghost above my room. And after they'd say something, they'd laugh at their own words. But that night when I went back to bed, I heard two somethings walking over the fioor. And I got up put on my house slippers and my new lounge robe Aunt Viddie'd bought for me, walked down the hall, knocked on Uncle Egbert's door.

Whne he came to my room, he looked sourly until he saw me in my pyjamas, house-slippers and lounge robe. Then his face looked pleasant. "More noise?" he asked me.

"Two noises," I said.

Uncle Egbert said, "That's strange."

He listened awhile; yawned a few times and went back to bed.

"Did you hear any noise last night?" Aunt Viddie asked me at the breakfast table.

"Two noises," I said. "I got Uncle Egbert up. He heard 'em."

"It's Uncle Dave and Aunt Mary," Aunt Cindy said, laughing. "She brought Uncle Dave back to help her find her corsets."

Then Aunt Viddie, Aunt Cindy and Aunt Arabella laughed until they jostled coffee from their cups on the cleaned starched linen table cloth. But that was all right for we used a clean table cloth for each meal.

"It's hard to tell what it is in the garret," Uncle Egbert said. "It's got me worried. Hester does hear something; I know he does for I've heard it two nights now."

Morning, noon and night at the table, my aunts laughed about the spirits of Uncle Dave and Aunt Mary's being back in the garret pilfering around, hunting through rubbage of the long ago. I didn't know Uncle Dave and Aunt Mary but I knew they never married either. And I'd heard my Aunts brag about how clean Aunt Mary was about the house. And it made me want to live in a house like my own home again, a house used to live in and not to keep as an ornament.

I didn't feel like I was riding wind-swayed willow branches again when I went bed. I heard three noises and then I heard an awful fight over my room. I didn't take time to put on my lounge robe and house slippers. I ran down the corridor to Uncle Egbert's room, knocked, told him to come to my room. And before he reached my room, I knew what the spirits were in the attic for they sent their perfume all over the house. Polecats.

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"Oh it's beastly," Uncle Egbert said, whiffing the scent. "Just how could this awful thing happen to us?"

Then Aunt Viddie came from the room with a handkerchief to her nose. About the same time Aunt Cindy came from her room into the corridor.

"Oh, mercy," Aunt Cindy said.

"Uncle Dave and Aunt Mary and another one of the departed dead are in a fight in the garret." I said.

"Oh, oh how dreadful," Aunt Arabella said, rushing from her room. "This lovely old house and all your fine furniture and linens, Viddie! How dreadful! How could it've happened!"

My Aunts are not too nice to know the scent of polecats, I thought. And then I thought about what had happened. One polecat had got up in the garret and he had brought his lover and his rival had followed them and they'd all got into a fight. And even the polecats were still in town though the people walked so they got rain in their noses when it rained. Now we were all getting back to earth again.

But that was one of the most dreadful nights I ever put over my head. We got our clothes, though the scent had settled on them, went down stairs, to get as far away as we could get from the scent and yet it drifted down to us. In our night clothes we waited for morning to come. My Aunts talked about "how dreadful" it was until I couldn't stand to hear them mention these words. Almost before daylight Uncle Egbert went after Tom Hedley, an old trapper, to come and get the polecats from the garret. While he was gone, I had to leave my aunts and get out of the model home for a breath of fresh air. Their talking and the scent were about to finish me.

When Tom Hedley came, just a bit after daylight, he crawled under the floor and found a hole, rats, polecats—something had eaten—big enough to let the polecats go between the weatherboarding and stormsheeting up to the garret.

"How can you get 'em out, Tom?" Uncle Egbert asked.

"Can't git 'em out unless I tear a hole in the roof or the ceiling out beneath the garret," he said.

"Don't do that," Aunt Viddie said.

"Will it leave more scent in the house if you take them out like that?" Aunt Cindy asked.

"Yes, Mam, it will," he said.

"Then don't do that," Aunt Arabella protested.

"But we got to get 'em out someway," Uncle Egbert said.

" We can starve 'em down," Tom said. "It might take two or three days."

"How dreadful," Aunt Arabella said.

"My furniture," Aunt Viddie said.

'I know it's bad," Tom Hedley said.

"Don't say anything about this, Tom," Aunt Viddie said. "I don't want people in Greenwood to know about it. I'm embarrassed."

"Say anything about it, Mam," Tom Hedley said. "Everybody will know it. If the wind blows east, neighbors in the east will know about it; if the wind blows south, neighbors in the south will know it. The way the wind blows, all the neighbors will know it."

"Hope the wind doesn't blow east," I said. "The whole school will know it."

"That'll be our luck," Aunt Viddie said.

I went outside again while they argued how to get rid of the polecats, to see how the wind was blowing. It was a soft mist-laden scent-carrying morning wind blowing east.

"Oh, the schoolhouse today," I thought.

"We'll have to stave 'em down," Aunt Viddie told Uncle Egbert. "I'm not going to have my house completely ruined."

"All right, Viddie," Uncle Egbert said. "You won't listen to reason. It's best to go through the roof or cut through the ceiling to get 'em. Anyway to get 'em and get the job over with."

But my aunts won over Uncle Egbert. Tom Hedley watched the hole with a gun while Aunt Viddie, Aunt Cindy, Aunt Arabella, and the two women that worked in the house and two men they hired, carried furniture out into the backyard. It was the first time the sun had hit it in years and the first time a fresh wind had struck it. And they had to take silverware from the chest drawers and pull each piece from the tiny sheaf of close-fitting cloth it was kept in and give it the sun and air. Everything had to come from the house.

And I knew it couldn't be kept a secret when I went to school late. Teachers were taking boys from the rooms into the corridors, smelling of them and asking them if they had brought a polecat to schools. I think they called it "skunk." Miss Potter whiffed loudly when I entered the schoolhouse.

"Why don't you smell of Hester Tremble, Miss Porter?" Tom Stevens asked her.

"He's not been around a skunk," she told him.

I hurried on to my room. Had it not been for the thick wall of green hedge they could have seen the furniture carried out of Uncle Egbert and Aunt Viddie's house. They didn't know where the scent was coming from but they would know before the day was over. Each boy accused the other of his having the scent on him and the teachers accused this boy and that boy of his having brought a skunk to school. The teachers wanted to dismiss school but Mr. Lawton said school would go on and the guilty boy would be found and brought to justice. I didn't want to break the news. It was good news and I knew someone would break it.

That night we had to go to the Horton Hotel,

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the only hotel in Greenwood and it was a small hotel. Tom Hedley had waited all day with a gun and the polecats hadn't come down from the garret. They were sleeping after their night's carousal of fighting, frolicking and fun. Aunt Cindy and Aunt Arabella didn't go with us. They were too embarrassed. They went back to Gatton to stay with Uncle Bill. And Aunt Viddie was embarrassed when people passed us in the lobby of the hotel and laughed. Everybody laughed. Aunt Viddie didn't know where they got the news until she looked at the *Times*. There was a big piece on the front page how the "smelly imps of nature" had slipped into the city and "picked the model Greenwood home" for their "residence."

"Wonder how that got in there " Aunt Viddie said, showing Uncle Egbert the paper.

He looked at the paper while Aunt Viddie looked at the *Enquirer*.

"Look," she said, showing Uncle Egbert the write-up. "It's in this paper too."

I wanted to laugh but I was afraid.

"It'll be in more papers than these two," Uncle Egbert said. "It'll be in a hundred papers if we don't chop in there and get them."

On Tuesday, Tom Hedley killed a Pappie Polecat; on Wednesday, he shot a Mama Polecat, and on Thursday, the last old Papa Polecat came down to earth and he shot him and stopped the hole. Then the house was cleaned, washed from top to bottom and re-scrubbed and fumigated—and the sun-kissed wind-caressed furniture was carried inside and placed just like it had been before the polecats came. Everybody in the school was laughing. Boys, accused of bringing a skunk to school, were pleased when the teachers apologized to them—first apologies they'd ever had from teachers. And people smiled at us when we went down the street. Uncle Egbert's trade fell off fifty percent. The model home had lost its prestige. And I was allowed to enter the house without taking my shoes off.

Communications

HOLMES

Weston, Mass.

TO the Editors: May I register disagreement (I was going to say mild, but vigorous suits the case better) with your review of "Yankee from Olympus"? I am not interested at the moment in what you said about the book, but in what you said about Holmes's pragmatism.

The sum of what you say is that Holmes's pragmatism was a good thing for American law. In a Catholic publication this comes as a shock. Holmes was a pure, crude materialist. He had no regard philosophically for the value of human life, for truth, for morality, or for the spiritual nature of law, or even for the existence of any rights whatever. He was a totalitarian, and completely non-Christian in thought and feeling.

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His pragmatism is poison. A Catholic publication should have enough philosophy at its disposal to recognize the poison.

JOHN C. FORD, S.J.

In America *and the* Catholic World *Father Ford has recently given much evidence to support his thesis that Justic Holmes "had no regard philosophically for the value of human life," etc. I agree that he had none* philosophically. *In my review I was trying to deal with another matter: his impact upon American law. I still believe that, far more than he knew, he was unconsciously governed by his Christian heritage. I also still believe that his pragmatism was a useful corrective in the law, though an abhorrent philosophy; which is what I tried to convey in my discussion of "Yankee from Olympus," in which pragmatism was certainly rejected unequivocally as a system of thought.* H. L. B.

WHAT IS OUR DESTINY

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Any author would be an ingrate who did not appreciate a review so generous as that which Father Feige gave my book "What Is Our Destiny" in your issue of May 26. I should not dream of arguing any of the reviewer's judgments, but I think one of his statements may justify a correction or explanation.

Father Feige writes: "It is, therefore, distinctly disappointing that Mr. Thomas gave no place to the representatives of the moral and spiritual powers who have all insisted on the restoration of the moral basis for all international life, and have clarified this demand by enumerating a number of principles."

As a matter of fact, I have expressly referred to the churches and the various statements by the Pope and leading Protestants. I may not have said the right things or given sufficient emphasis to them, but I have not been silent. I thus summarize the discussion of the matter: "In the teaching of the great sages and prophets, especially of the Hebrew and Christian tradition, a great light shines. But through the organized religions it sheds a fitful and broken illumination upon our path to brotherhood and peace. We can be thankful that the light is somewhat clearer in 1944 than in 1918."

NORMAN THOMAS.

The Stage & Screen

Career Angel

ASIDE from one fine and relentless characterization—that of Ronald Telfer as Brother Fidelis—the move to the big street has done less than nothing for Father Murray's play outlining the adventures of a fairly sardonic Angel Guardian down from the sky to save a bankrupt orphanage. The play itself has suffered badly—having been re-written evidently in order to save an extra set and thereby forced to lean even more heavily upon exposition rather than action. And in almost every detail—particularly direction and the casting of the kids' parts—the production has lost. It will seem a late compliment to the Blackfriars and to their director, Dennis Gurney, to record that theirs was the more professional job; but it is true. Here, the handling of such essentials as lighting (Frederick Fox) and business and action (Don Appell) is, I can only say, astonishing. As Brother Seraphim, Whitford Kane's especial amiability contributes one fine second-act scene, but he is, in the main, wasted; forced to *spread* around the stage and given fatuous, repetitious business. Apropos of this latter, I suggest that some sensible person remove the leather desk chair from the environs immediately. Aside from it's being one of the ugliest objects I have ever seen, it is impossible of stage use, hampering everyone. I do not like to list Glenn Anders's Angel merely as an actor's exercise in self-indulgence, although that seemed to be the case on Wednesday. It is true this is a hard part to subtilize—too many easy laughs—but at the same time, I cannot think Mr. Anders' apparent conception of it as a celestial *prima donna* a good one. To return to Mr. Telfer, in an unsympathetic wordy part, he has consistency, tempo, phrasing. I have often thought this sort of crisp pace to result from a true appreciation of the consonants in the language; and where there are few consonants, then from a variety of infinitestimal beats between the words. Somewhere, G. B. Stern has a good discussion of this in connection with a refrain of hers called "Summer Ermine" which consistently emerged as an unhappy slur until suddenly properly beaten by a pianist. But I don't think music is the necessary solution to the problem. With little help from Kurt Weill, Paula Laurence is still singing "Very Very Very" with clarity and point and to cheers at the Forty-Sixth Street; and as far as I could tell, Mr. Telfer concealed no metronome under the cassock of the nagging Fidelis the other evening. In short, this is skill stuff, and I dearly wish a few of our directors could learn to command it. (*At the National.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

La Belle Davis

EVERY now and then, Hollywood crashes through with a film that is literary and bookish, but regardless of its uncinematic qualities provides outstanding entertainment. Such a film is *"Mr. Skeffington,"* which held me fascinated for practically every minute of its running time. I shouldn't say "every" minute—for two hours and 26 minutes is a lot of minutes, and I did find myself getting restless during the last half hour. The latter part of the film is as interesting as the first, but the situations become repetitive, and in spite of Bette Davis's magnificent performance, her skillfully manipulated voice grows somewhat monotonous.

Not having read any of the novels by "Elizabeth" (the author's pen name) but having rather definite ideas about her feminine stories, I was really quite surprised at how much I enjoyed the Skeffington movie. Its story *is* pretty much on the feminine side (one can almost visualize the glossy pictures that would illustrate it in a slick woman's magazine) but it also has that exasperating quality of those episodes in Dickens's novels that impel one to read

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on and on. And Vincent Sherman has directed Julius and Philip Epstein's intriguing script to get every bit of story and character value out of it.

The plot, rambling from 1914 to 1940, tells the tale of illogical, thoughtless woman, a belle if there ever was one, who marries a wealthy broker, a Jew quite out of her class. Job Skeffington adores Fanny, waits patiently for her to return his love, even puts up with the suitors who continue to flutter around her. She thrives on these admirers, adds new ones to her collection as she grows older, and finally coldly rewards Skeffington for his years of devotion by divorcing him when she discovers that he frequently sought the company of other women. After the beaten Skeffington goes to Europe with their daughter, who naturally prefers him to her flighty mother, Fanny continues down her path of roses, roses all the way. Faster and faster she runs—until age cruelly catches up with her. Diphtheria wilts the belle and shows her up as a painted, be-wigged, false caricature; and suddenly Fanny finds herself alone, alone in her large house on Gramercy Park—no suitors, no friends, alone in a house with many beautifully framed mirrors that reflect her pasty, disfigured countenance. If this movie had ended with the superb sequence showing Fanny, frightened and panicky as she realizes her lonely, empty future in this large house, it might have shown the courage of its convictions and won great applause as a character study equal to "Craig's Wife." But no; "Mr. Skeffington" continues to a tense and moving, but thoroughly sentimental conclusion worthy only of readers who must have a happy ending, even if the finale is pure, contrived tripe.

"Mr. Skeffington" is not entirely without its moments of good cinema. The passage of time has been well handled through short montage sequences, newspapers and such. Music is effectively used to establish a date; but unfortunately the background music is obtrusively loud at times. The décor and costumes are excellent and help greatly to set the mood of the periods in this New York locale, particularly during the last war and during the Jazz Age and Speakeasy Era. Whenever his movie seems to be dragging, Director Vincent Sherman wisely snaps us up with a big emotional scene: the declaration of war at the moment Fanny is visiting Skeffington's office for the first time; the rage into which Fanny's black-sheep brother goes when he learns of her marriage; the meeting in the speakeasy of Fanny with her gangster attendant and Skeffington with his secretary; the touching understanding between Skeffington and his daughter at what is meant to be their farewell dinner; middle-aged Fanny's embarrassed introduction of her daughter to one of the last of Fanny's long line of youthful boy-friends.

Needless to say, the acting in this film is of an unusually high calibre. The film would never stand up or hold one's interest unless it were played convincingly. Miss Davis turns in a performance that ranks with her best. Without actually being a beauty, she succeeds in conveying the effect of reigning beauty, a belle with a cluster of admirers; and as Fanny grows older, Davis makes us feel her fear of age and of being a has-been. Of course the make-up artist has much to do with the decayed appearance that Davis assumes later in the film, but it is the actress who makes this self-centered woman live as a real person. Claude Rains is equally effective in an even more difficult rôle. He succeeds in making this unlikely, patient, kind Skeffington a living character who suffers because he loves too much and not wisely. The supporting cast also includes notable portrayals: Walter Abel's as the understanding cousin; Richard Waring, in a few excellent scenes, as the erring brother, the gone-to-seed aristocrat; George Coulouris, as the psychiatrist who tells Fanny off with the cruel truth; Marjorie Riordan as Fanny's grown-up daughter who realizes that Fanny has never been a real mother to her.

"Mr. Skeffington" has flaws. Its story could bear questioning at times, but its characterizations survive scrutiny. For these characterizations and the entertaining tale of one woman, the film will win large audiences many of whom could do much worse in seeking escape films these days.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Editors' Choice

THE GOBI DESERT. *Mildred Cable and Francesca French. Macmillan.* $3.50.

THE HOUSE OF MACMILLAN. *Charles Morgan. Macmillan.* $3.00.

World's Biggest Desert

"THE WORD Gobi is not the proper name of a geographical area, but a common expression used by Mongols to designate a definite order of geographical features. These are wide, shallow basins of which the smooth rocky bottom is filled with sand, pebbles or, more often, with gravel. . . ." Thus do Mildred Cable and Francesca French begin their book on Central Asia by quoting from Vidal de la Blache. "The Gobi Desert" is one of the best books of its sort to appear in many years. It is much more than a travel book. It is an attempt to impart to the reader the very smell and taste and feel of the world's largest desert area, some 3,600 miles in length, and in width varying up to nearly a thousand. This great arid expanse lies smack in the heart of the Eurasian landmass, acting as a vast natural barrier between the highly fertile and populated areas of Europe and (formerly) the Near East and equivalent areas neighboring the waters of the Pacific. To the south the Himalaya Mountains separate it from India, and to the north it peters out into

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the more habitable portions of Siberia. Thus from very early days it became a great travel route for land communication between Orient and Occident; vast caravans have for thousands of years laboriously worked their way east and west with the choicest products of Europe and China—products so excellent that the toil and trouble of transporting them through such a wilderness seemed justified in men's eyes.

The history of this vast region has been told with fascination and brilliant devotion to truth by Sir Aurel Stein and, more popularly, by Sven Hedin. Marco Polo knew these desert reaches, as did the long succession of Christian missionaries, beginning with the Nestorians. Across these wastes Buddhism partly made its way to China and, faintly, to Japan. Today great numbers of those who inhabit the oases of the Gobi are Mohammedans, though many Chinese and Tibetans live there too, not to speak of the Turki and the Mongols. And thus the desert population is a great mixture both of religions and cultures and ways of life.

The authors of "The Gobi Desert" are missionaries belonging to the Swiss Protestant Church; they have lived for many years in China's Shansi Province and for many years "traveled over the Desert of Gobi and among its oases as itinerant missionaries." They know its flora and its fauna, its terrors and its consolations, its moods and its emptiness. And they know all this so well that in a truly remarkable degree they make you feel it likewise. Moreover they write in a pleasantly archaic style, which seems free of all affectation, but which yet is studied and considered as very few modern styles are. The effect is agreeable, even strangely masculine. For its English alone this volume is worth the time and effort of reading.

Like many other seemingly barren things, the desert in fact contains life. It has its little rats which look and hop like kangaroos, and which burrow in the sand during the day to avoid the heat of the sun, coming out at night to seek what they need for existence. It contains wolves and wild sheep and lizards—the little ones common and the big ones rare. Wherever there is a reasonable supply of water, reasonably constant, the desert blooms into patches of extreme richness and beauty, like jewels set in a plain field of silver. And man has learned how to push out the boundaries of these watered stretches. Also, unhappily, sometimes the desert pushes the boundaries back, and drives man away.

To travel over these spaces is to move far from obsession with today's existence. It is to get a deep feeling for time and its passage and for history. The climate here can preserve as fresh as the day they were made delicate frescoes and textiles and even more perishable things. "The Gobi Desert" brings them, preserved, into a climate where they might last but for an hour.

Success Story

THE TWO young Scots, Daniel and Alexander Macmillan, came up to London, penniless, a century ago—now look at the House of Macmillan. A success story, and we have been very tired of success stories, in all their variations. There is always, as a constant, the progress to achievement. But sometimes the achievement in itself is uninteresting, sometimes the means are revolting; when the recipe for success is simple hard work and honesty we are not persuaded. Nor can a story centered on these basic and not uncommon virtues hope to excite. But Charles Morgan, the distinguished author of "The Fountain," has written, carefully, this success story, "The House of Macmillan," and we find it all the things a success story is supposed to be: illuminating, inspiring, stimulating to our own effort, tending to reestablish whatever may have been impaired of our faith in man.

The Macmillans were poor and honest; eventually they were no longer poor but still were honest. In 1833 they published their first book, by A. R. Craig, about education—described by themselves as "suggestions on the necessity of normal schools for teachers to the wealthier classes and strictures on the prevailing mode of teaching languages"—by 1943 they had published an interminable list of volumes by a large number of the greatest names in the English writing of their times. And how did this come about? Through all the virtues, among which integrity stood ever foremost, but through something else which theoretically must spring from virtue yet which would generally be called a taste or an inclination. The words are too weak for what the Macmillans felt toward thought, the expression of thought, the printed expression of thought. They did not think primarily of books as merchandise; books were the channels through which thought circulates. They respected books—they always desired their books to be perfect in typography and manufacture—because of their deep respect for those who write them and for those who read them. They had an immense respect for that process of thinking, writing, publication and reading through which society advances. They were convinced that they were assisting society in their work as publishers, and when steel, oil or coal millionaires talk that way it is a little tiresome and it needs a lot of proving, but when the Macmillans talked that way, there was no one who did not believe they meant what they said.

And so the authors came to them, the serious nineteenth century authors, who also believed in their social mission—and success came to them. The process was a natural one. The Macmillans were on such terms with their authors that the firm's story is also that of the authors. And it is to such an extraordinary extent the story of nineteenth century writing that it is only with an effort that one remembers that there were other powerful and excellent publishing firms in England during the period. For most of the greatest writers seem at one time or another to have had relations with Macmillans. Sometimes the relationship consisted entirely in the submitting of a book for publication, and its coming back rejected. And the readers' reports advising rejection or acceptance which are made available by Mr. Morgan are most amusing to read. There is interesting correspondence with Thomas Hardy and Shaw, and the choice and obtaining of authors which, after all, must be the central theme of any book about publishers, is alertly discussed by Mr. Morgan. A delightful book in every way. For entertainment. And all the labored moralizing has been taken care of in this note.

More Books of the Week

Christianity and Democracy. Jacques Maritain. Scribners. $1.25.

EVERY now and then a book reviewer seems to write on the assumption that he passes judgment on an author as if from some Olympian height wherein he dwells with Truth. Actually, he writes against the background of his own very human presuppositions and beliefs and

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sometimes carelessly at that. We should all get farther by keeping this obvious fact in mind.

To give it present application, here am I, an American, a Socialist with a long Protestant background, reviewing a book by a very distinguished French Catholic philosopher for whom I have respect and admiration but whose full faith I do not share. All that I can do in a brief review is to indicate how Mr. Maritain's lofty argument, written in homage to the people of France, on a theme of vast importance to all mankind, impresses me.

Well then, I accept it as a noble hymn of hope—which is what the author intended. His, however, is a hope that does more than "create out of its own wreck the thing it contemplates." It is fortified by profound insight into things as they are and as they may yet become. (Unfortunately its appeal fails of its maximum effect because of the lack of appropriate English style in the translation. Consider—to take an example at random—this barbarous sentence: "The Catholic youth intrepidly militates for liberty; it wants a vitally and really—not decoratively—Christian community without a shadow of that 'clericalism of which the Church disapproves and which we do not want at any price,' as the Archbishop of Toulouse stated three years ago.")

M. Maritain's major theme is that the principal reason for "the failure of modern democracies to realize democracy" is of "a spiritual nature. It lies in the inner contradiction and the tragic misunderstanding of which the modern democracies, particularly in Europe, have been the victims. This form and this ideal of common life, which we call democracy, springs in its essentials from the inspiration of the Gospel and cannot subsist without it; and by virtue of the blind logic of historical conflicts and habits of social memory, which has nothing whatever to do with the logic of thought, we saw for a century the motivating forces in the modern democracies repudiating the Gospel and Christianity in the name of human liberty, while motivating forces in the Christian social strata were combating the democratic aspirations in the name of religion."

The new democracy must be aware of its true essence which is of "evangelical inspiration." It will need a new leadership which "must come from the depth of nations," appointed by "heroism and devotion."

If this book were a political treatise, I should ask of it much that is not there. I found M. Maritain's practical advice to his fellow countrymen on their attitude to communism and communists essentially sound. Communism is superior to nazism in its freedom from racism and the quality of its scriptures. But it will be, to say the least, an uncomfortable comparison in shaping a new democracy. Totalitarianism reduces those who practice it under whatever slogans to a common denominator of Machiavellianism and oppression. To me, M. Maritain's recognition of nazism as "the final stage of an implacable reaction against the democratic principle and against the Christian principle all in one," while communism is "the final stage in the inner destruction of the democratic principle due to the rejection of the Christian principle" is a striking verbalism rather than a profound analysis. It was the communist, Molotov, during the quasi-alliance between Hitler and Stalin, who reduced the communist objection to fascism to "a matter of taste."

I should accept the author's insistence to the extent of agreeing that the Christian principle of the dignity of the

New Book

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individual and the brotherhood of all individuals is the noblest and firmest conceivable basis for democracy.

But then there arise in my mind questions. Why did not democracy, despite its evangelical inspiration, arise—in the sense in which M. Maritain accepts it—under the direct inspiration and tutelage of the Church? How, in a Christian or non-Christian society, are the claims of democracy and the authoritarian church to be reconciled on some more satisfactory basis than a practical *modus vivendi?* Are we to expect the leaders of the new democracy to be Christians in any other sense than were our own Jefferson, Madison or Lincoln, none of whom was a devout churchman, Catholic or Protestant? Must China be converted to Christianity to become democratic, and, if so, in what sense? In short, must a successful democracy be avowedly Christian in philosophy, or more accurately, theology, and, if so, why have the acknowledged leaders in theology, Catholic and Protestant, so often been indifferent, if not hostile, to democratic aspirations?

The little book under review seems to me to hint at possible answers to these questions, but not to give them. Perhaps it is part of its excellence that it suggests so many more questions than it answers. NORMAN THOMAS.

Speaking of Jane Austen. Sheila Kaye-Smith and G. B. Stern. Harper. $2.75.

IT WAS Miss Kaye-Smith who introduced Miss Stern to "Emma" during a rainy stay in a country inn, and later Jane Austen rallied Miss Stern from a nervous breakdown. Miss Kaye-Smith had already found her the surest opiate for the tensions of authorship. For years these two brilliant "Janeites" have gossiped so intensively about their mutual friends in Highbury, Mansfield Park, Bath, Pemberly and Uppercross that this ingratiating volume is the happy legacy—an intimate family discussion instead of a formal literary appraisal.

The incomparable Jane created characters so real that they have ceased to be fiction, and yet they exist without most of the objective detail which are regarded as the adjuncts of realism. Sheila Kaye-Smith has obligingly ransacked her pages for descriptions of dress, and they turn out to be less than meagre. The romantic Scott never failed to write up full fashion reports—I can still see the Lady Evelyn going the rounds of the ramparts in rose color with a black veil over her tresses—but, except for Fanny Price's muslin with glossy spots and Catherine Morland's white muslin with blue trimmings, the ladies' taste is left to the imagination of the sympathetic reader. The same thing is true about such an interesting subject as food. What fun it would be to know what was considered a really good dinner in the great country houses, or what cooks could produce in those days of many kitchen maids! Here Miss Kaye-Smith is most cooperative in her conjectures—alas, much more so than Miss Austen. From evidence adduced it seems that breakfast was usually at ten o'clock; meat and eggs were on the menu; beer, the traditional breakfast drink, was being superseded by cocoa. Tea and coffee are doubtful. Lunch was a collation, served informally to morning visitors; cake or baked apples in modest establishments, cold chicken and fruit in the more fashionable houses. The spacious, and most likely very chilly, dining rooms were used only for dinner, which was at five and rapidly getting later. Soup, in the tureen, fish, joint, vegetables and tart were all placed on the table together and, in the larger houses, this display twice appeared before the cloth was removed for the dessert of fruits, nuts and cheese and the port and madeira to which the ladies left the gentlemen. Tea was served in the drawing room on the advent of the men; cards and music followed until supper at ten or eleven. At Mansfield Park, supper was on a tray, but at Hartfield, the madeira and cake were augmented by such delicacies as sweetbreads and asparagus. Do you remember that Mr. Woodhouse wouldn't let the poor Bates eat any of the sweetbread fricassee because he thought the asparagus hadn't been boiled long enough?

Miss Kaye-Smith tried to write about the domestic staffs, but no one lower than an apothecary emerges as a personality. It was the era of an agricultural aristocracy when all the gentry still lived off their land; a local-minded leisure class which ignored revolutions in America or France, except as source of prize money for younger sons in the Navy. The Church had just begun to be recognized as a gentlemanly profession, and clergymen, enjoying the tithes of rich parishes, were admitted to the county society. Lord Macaulay, in his essay on Madame D'Arbly, made famous mention of the four young clergymen in Miss Austen's stories; Miss Kaye-Smith makes an even more pertinent comment on the marked change in the clergy since the days of Fielding. True, they had then only the social status of an upper servant, but a warmer humanity and greater sympathy for the poor seemed to have survived the Reformation. The Church of England had never burdened itself with the social services of the medieval church, turning over the responsibility of caring for the poor to the country squires and noble "land" lords. The spiritual qualifications of the clergy were covered by Respectability, the cardinal virtue of the nineteenth century, and their dependence on their patrons made them rather especially addicted to the general vice of snobbishness. Miss Kaye-Smith thinks that the Evangelical movement becomes apparent in "Mansfield Park" in the priggishness of Fanny and Edmund.

Miss Stern is very fond of Fanny, but bitterly regrets that Miss Austen forced her to marry the worthy Edmund instead of dashing Henry Crawford. Miss Stern also has a chapter "On a Certain Endearing Quality" in which she discusses the characters whom she feels can only be described as "chumps"—gentle, fussing Mr. Woodhouse; pretty, silly Harriet Smith; kind, fat Lady Bertram and her pug. I am disappointed that neither enthusiast mentions the excursion to Sotherton in "Mansfield Park," which has always seemed to me the chapter which Henry James spent his life trying to write, showing the most complex reactions in the most seemingly artless dialogue.

My personal debt to Miss Austen covers half a century, including a terrier with a penetrating tooth named for her; mental therapy during a siege of adult measles; and a horse called "Persuasion." I gave away the puppy who earned the name of Mr. Collins. Miss Stern and Miss Kaye-Smith have opened wider the gate to a pleasure park where trouble is checked at the entrance. Many thanks for my guest ticket. E. V. R. WYATT.

Peace Through Co-operation. J. Henry Carpenter. Harper. $1.25.

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The Inner Forum

Rural Summer Schools

FOUR YEARS ago the National Catholic Rural Life Conference conducted a single summer institute; this year it is conducting forty-five rural life schools and institutes throughout the country from San Francisco and Monterey on the West Coast through a number of centers in the Middle West to the Atlantic seaboard. There are Sisters' Institutes in the dioceses of Alexandria, Concordia, St. Louis, Springfield, Ill., Nashville, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Grand Rapids, Rochester, and LaCrosse. In the Peoria, Hartford and other dioceses as well as at Maryknoll, N. Y., joint sessions are to be held. Summer institutes and schools for priests are scheduled for the Green Bay, Concordia, Toledo, Leavenworth, Oklahoma, Cincinnati, Milwaukee and Philadelphia dioceses.

Among the sessions of special interest are the rural life schools for girls, to be conducted by the Ladies of the Grail, at Fargo, N. D., July 1 to 8, and Cincinnati, Ohio, July 18 to 31. Also the NCRLF rural life leadership school at St. John's University, Collegeville, Minn., July 25 to 27, and the rural life school for farmers at Taylor, Texas, July 24 to 26. At the Montezuma Seminary in New Mexico (which was set up for the training of Mexican priests when the persecution was at its height) a *Semana Rural* is to be conducted in Spanish, July 24 to 28. Out on the Coast in the Archdiocese of San Francisco and the Diocese of Monterey-Fresno, institutes for priests, Sisters and farmers are not to be held until November and December.

Among the leaders of these lectures and discussions will be officials of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference (Headquarters, 3801 Grand Avenue, Des Moines 12, Iowa), representatives of the Government, farm leaders and professors. They will touch on a wide range of problems. Among these are general considerations such as the philosophy of rural life and the aims of the rural life movement, population problems and the values of life on the farm. Then there are the studies of what can be accomplished through rural schools, community cooperation, part-time farming and Christian use of the land. The importance of some of these meetings is indicated by the fact that the first rural life school for Sisters at Marquette University in Milwaukee last June was attended by 750 Sisters and 50 priests.

The NCRLC and *Queens Work* of St. Louis are sponsoring two cooperative rallies next October. At Notre Dame University the focus will be labor-industry consumers cooperatives, at Westphalia, Iowa, coops in a rural community.

CONTRIBUTORS

Jesse STUART is the author of a number of novels dealing with Kentucky and its mountain people, the last of which, "Taps for Private Tussie," has been notably successful. He is also a poet with several volumes of verse to his credit.

Norman THOMAS at present devotes much of his time to the Post-War World Council; a letter from him concerning his own recent book, "What Is Our Destiny?" appears in this issue.

E. V. R. WYATT is the drama critic of the *Catholic World*. She writes extensively in the Catholic press and has long been associated with New York's Carroll Club.

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